

NO.
34

DEC.

PEP



THE SHIELD

COMICS

10¢



AMERICA'S
FASTEST
GROWING
COMIC
MAGAZINE!!

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the cost of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



Name _____
Address _____ Age _____

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED-WHITE-BLUE

CUT ON THIS LINE

BULLETIN NO. 13

I'M going to be a kind of transmitter this month. Generally I use this space to talk things over with you members of the Shield G-Man Club, but I stopped up to the office a while ago and got into a discussion with several of the fellows up here and they asked me to forward a couple of thank-yous for them and . . . and, well, here I am doing it.

The first thank-you message comes from Carl Hubbell, the young artist who transcribes all those letters you sent for the Sergeant Boyle contest to the Serge himself, and both Boyle and Carl are delighted at the swell letter response you gave them. As you'll see when you get to the Sergeant Boyle story further in the book, all contest winners have been announced right in this issue.

The second thank-you message comes from The Hangman . . . and he wants to thank John S. Anderson, Larry Reaney, James Figueroa, Oliver Anderson, and Don McRae, all of 1340 Blake Street, Berkeley, Calif. for the swell letter these boys whipped up and sent him. I read the letter and thought it was pretty fine, too. The boys told The Hangman about their hate for brute-strength Nazi methods of government . . . and in their short letter they've managed to reflect the opinions of all Americans. We all feel that way about Adolf and Co., fellows. Let's keep doing all we can toward the purchase of war bonds and stamps—and make sure that it won't be long before the man with the moustache is heading his last bid. Now to say a thing or two on my own hook. Have you fellows and girls seen the latest TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS? It's a magazine which is getting sweeter and sweeter and funnier and funnier with each issue, and you've really missing something if you don't give it a try. Look it over, and then enter the TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS "opinion" contest. You've a chance to win a portrait of yourself drawn by one of the crack TOP-NOTCH artists.

Keep 'em flying

Outstanding members this issue!

RICHARD MAGRAT
251 Chestnut Street
Madison, Miss.

WILLIAM STACH
Route 2
Dearborn, Mich.

BERNARD BROOKS
1447 West 17th Avenue
Denver, Colorado

MARVIN D. SCHWIFF
17 Cedar Lane, So.
Galveston, Texas

BETH WARTHEAD
Marine Hotel
Corona, Calif.

WAYNE ALBERT FORD
Box 275
Twins Falls, Idaho

ETHEL MOSKOWITZ
120 Euclid Avenue
Miami Beach, Florida

CHARLES SCHUBERT
218 West Oak Street
Salina, Kansas

BERNARD BARTER
31 Millard Avenue
Marquette, Texas

DELORES REEB
4122 Wayne Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

Joe Higgins

THE ORIGINAL **SHIELD** AND **DUSTY** THE BOY DETECTIVE



IT WAS FUNNY ABOUT THE BUS—
THE WAY IT TURNED UP AT THE
MURDER.

NOT THAT THE BUS COULD HAVE
ANY CONNECTION WITH THE
CASES—NO IT COULDN'T. IT
WASN'T A VALLUABLE BUS—JUST
A CHEAP, GAUDY BIT OF FABRIC
SOLD OVER AN AUCTIONEER'S
COUNTER.

AND YET IT CONTINUED TO
TURN UP.

WHY?
THAT'S WHAT **THE SHIELD** AND
DUSTY HAD TO FIND OUT.....

EARLY ONE EVENING, DUSTY ENTERED JOE HOGAN'S DOOR.

HEY, JOE! I—
HEY JOE! JOE!
WHAT'S WRONG,
RALP?

DUSTY I WAS JUST
THINKING ABOUT MY
LAST ATTEMPT TO
RECOVER MY SUPER-
POWERS... THE ATTEMPT
THAT DIDN'T WORK! I
FEEL PRETTY LOW
ABOUT IT! I GUESS ILL
NEVER GET MY SUPER-
POWERS BACK!

JAY IS
THE ONLY

I THOUGHT YOU WERE
WORRIED ABOUT SOME-
THING IMPORTANT!
YOU'VE DONE ALL
RIGHT SO FAR WITH-
OUT YOUR SUPER-
POWERS—AND YOU'LL
GO ON DOING ALL
RIGHT. COME, LET'S
GO OUT AND SEE IF
WE CAN FIND SOME-
THING TO HELP YOU
FORGET ABOUT
YOUR TROUBLES!

AND SHORTLY LATER, AS
THEY WALK ALONG THE
STREET—

HEY JOE! LOOK—
AN AUCTION!
LET'S GO IN!

OH, NO, DUSTY!
MAYBE THEY'VE
GOT SOMETHING WE
CAN USE.

—AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLE-
MEN, ILL ACCEPT BIDS ON THIS
BEAUTIFUL OLD RUG! NOTE
ITS FINE TEXTURE AND
ITS UNUSUAL DESIGN.
—WHAT? AM I OF-
FERED?

I BID
ONE DOLLAR,
RALP!

ILL MAKE THAT
TWO DOLLARS!

HEY! HEY! HERE'S
WHERE I HAVE
SOME FUN!

ILL BID TWENTY
FIVE DOLLARS!

STUPID FOOL! I'LL MAKE
THAT FIFTY DOLLARS!

I BO NO
DOLLARS!

—GONE— SOME— SOME! SOLD
TO THE MAN WITH THE COAR
FOR FIFTY!

—GOD ROCKS! I DON'T
EVEN EXPECT TO
GET FIFTY FOR
THE BUG!

—GOD ROCKS!
HELL, I SPENT MORE
THAN I REIDED ON, BUT
IT WAS WORTH IT TO
SEE THE EX-
PRESSION ON THAT NERVE
FACE!

SEE, DUSTY— THERE
WAS SOMETHING
FUNNY ABOUT
THAT BODDY!

—YEAH—
DID YOU SEE THE EX-
PRESSION ON THE FACE
OF THE GUY WHO WENT
GET THE BUS? WELL!
HE LOOKED READY TO
MURDER THE
CAT FELLOW!

MATCH
SIDO

QUICKLY!
JOE HEDDING AND DUSTY
STEP OFF THEIR OUTER CLOTHING
AND SHEDS AS THE
SHARP AND DUSTY

DUSTY!
LISTEN!

SOMEONE'S
YELLING!

—YEAH— IT'S THE CAT
FELLOW! AND HE LOOKS
DUSTY OUTLIVERED!

HELP!
HELP!

SAY WHAT DO YOU
WANT THE BUS
FOR ANYONE?

MY BROTH'ER
COLLECTS EM--
AND I GAE WAYNE
A LOT TO RUN OVER
BOOKS THAT SUNT--WELL
THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO; NO
LONG SHIELD, AND
THANKS FOR
RECALLING
ME!

THE NEXT DAY

JOE! JOE!
LOOK AT
THIS!

DAI

CHARLES BARTON
NOTED MANUFACT
FOUND DEAD

CHARLES BARTON

CHARLES
BARTON
NOTED
MANUFACT
FOUND
DEAD
BY AN
ARMY
OF
HIS
HIS
HIS
HIS



SHIELD IS A
PUNNY CONDENSED
HUN SHIELD?

WANT TO GO RUN
ITS JUST A CON-
CORDE? WHO BETTER
GET OVER THERE
RIGHT AWAY!

STEP IT UP
DUSTY! THE IS
THE RED BLOOD!

WHERE THE SHIELD
AND DUSTY ARE BARTON
HAVE GONE TO SEE
YOU ABOUT--ABOUT
YOUR HUSBAND'S
DEATH!

JUST ON A HUNCH--
AS BARTON WHEEP
THAT BUS YOUR HUSBAND
BOUGHT YESTERDAY?

WHY WE
SENT IT TO HIS
BROTHER FROM
212 FORT
STREET BUS OVER
A APARTMENT











HOW TO EARN THE TREASURE!



SOOFY! EVERYTHING'S ALL SET EXCEPT FOR MY TALK WITH THE SHIELD AND DUSTY! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE HIDEOUT AND CLEAN THAT UP!



LATER, IT SLOWS DOWN

WE GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU GUYS! TELL ME—HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS?



A MILLION DOLLARS!

LET'S HEAR YOUR PROPOSITION!

I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED!



IT ALL STARTED A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO WHEN I WAS OUT IN SINGAPORE. A COFFEY SEAMAN TOLD ME A STRANGE STORY—A STORY ABOUT A BUG—



I'D TELL YOU EXACTLY THE BUG IN MY CABIN ABOARD THE ARCADE HAS A MAP ON IT SHOWING HOW TO GET TO A LOST AZTEC CITY! THERE'S MILLIONS IN GOLD THERE! I TELL YOU—BUT BE BELIEVING!

SURE, I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT!



I PRETENDED TO SCOFF, BUT WHEN HE GOT OUTSIDE—THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION, DIL!

THAT NIGHT, I SNEAKED ON BOARD THE MARINA---



THEN, WHEN THE BUS STOP WENT OUT TO SEA, I SET OFF TO THE OCEAN---



THE ENTIRE CREW HAD TO PUT OUT THE FIRE, AND WHILE THEY WERE KEPT BUSY, I GOT THE BUS---



THEN, WITH THE BUS UNDER MY ARM, I STOLE A LIFEBOAT AND STARTED AWAY THE FIRE ON THE SHIP. CON- TAINED TO BURN---



BUT FIRST, I DIDN'T KNOW WHO THAT THE MARINA WAS SHEDDING DYNAMITE BEFORE THE LIFEBOAT HAD EVEN BEGUN TO SAIL AWAY---



THE NEXT THING I HEARD A MAN WAS BEING CALLED BY---



BARB, SON, BARB! YOU WERE THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE MARINA! WE FOUND YOU IN THE WATER WITH YOUR BUS CLUTCHED UNDER YOUR ARM!

MY BUS? WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT?



WELL, I GAVE IT TO SOME NUTS IN THE MARINA! IT WAS JUST A CHEAP WAREHOUSE CARPET! I-- I DON'T THINK---

I FOLLOWED THE BUS FROM CITY TO CITY--HUNTING DAY AND NIGHT IN BAZAARS IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD, BUT THE BUS WAS ALWAYS AWAY OF ME---



UNTIL, FINALLY, AT AN AUCTION HOUSE RIGHT IN THE CITY---



DONALD ST. AUCTIONS

HOKEY MIKE! THERE IT IS-- RIGHT IN THE WINDOW!

AND THEN THAT RAT POOL
OVERBID ME--AND I HAD
TO LET HIM WIN THE
50 BUCKS! I
THOUGHT HE
KNEW SOMETHING--
BUT I GOT THE
BUG NOW! HEH,
HEH, HEH! I GOT
IT NOW!

BEFORE
ME FOR A MINUTE!
I'VE GOT A LITTLE
JOB TO FINISH!

OH SO
YOU'RE NOT
WITH ME. BUT THEN
I'LL TAKE CARE OF
YOU TOO!

THESE ARE THE MEN WHO HELPED ME GET THE
BUG! I CAN'T USE THEM ANY MORE-- BUT I
CAN USE A COUPLE OF GUYS LIKE YOU ON
MY EXPEDITION! ARE YOU WITH ME?

WITH YOU!
THE DEVIL
WE ARE YOU
MURDERING
RAT!

DUSTY!

NOW WATCH
YOUR PAL
DR. SHIELD!

YOU GO
FIRST
BOAT!

YOU OUTSMARTED
YOURSELF, WESLEY!
THAT LONG STORY
YOU TOLD GAVE
ME PLenty OF
TIME TO LOOSEN
THESE BONES!

HURRY, SHIELD!
HURRY! THIS--
GAVE US-- GET--
THIS ME!

THE SHIELD'S
LOOKING TO BETTER
GET OUT OF
HERE!

SUDDENLY...



HER BITTING AWAY
AFTER HIM, DUSTY!

SLOW UP! THIS
IS AS FAR AS
YOU GO!

NO, SHIELD!
I'M NOT GO-
ING TO LET
ANYTHING STOP
ME NOW!

BUT HE SLOWLY RAN
FORWARD HIS TIRE-- ON HIS
GUN END--

BUT I THINK
I'LL STOP JUST
LONG ENOUGH
TO BRUSH
MYSELF

AND FALLS
ON HIS OWN
KNEE--

WITH A JERK
OF HIS HEAD
SLOWLY LIFTS
THE GUN AND--

OH NO
DUSTY! I
CAN'T--CAN'T
HAVE THE
GUN, NO-
BODY
CAN!

DUSTY
RUSHES
FORWARD
BUT--

NO DUSTY
LET IT BURN!

BUT, SHIELD!
DON'T
DO IT!

THAT GUN HAS DONE
ENOUGH DAMAGE ALREADY--
MURDER AND
DEATH HAVE
FOLLOWED
IN ITS WAKE
WHEREVER
IT TRAVELLED
LET IT BURN!

THE
SHIELD
AND DUSTY
APPEAR IN
POP
COMICS
AND
EARTH-POWER
COMICS
FOLLOWING
THEIR
ADVENTURES
IN BOTH THESE
MAGAZINES!

ARTISTS! BECAUSE OF THE THOUSANDS OF LETTERS OF APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP YOU'VE SENT US--NOT
HAPPY THAT WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO TABULATE AND ALPHABETIZE THEM AS YET--THE FUTURE MEMBERS
OF APPEARANCE PAGE WILL NOT APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE. HOWEVER, THE PAGE WILL BECOME NEXT ISSUE, LIST-
ING AS IN THE PAST, THE NAMES OF ALL NEW MEMBERS. IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE SO, SEND YOUR
NAME AND ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB, RM 315, 80 HUNTER ST.,
N.Y.C. JOIN THIS CLUB FOR PATRIOTIC AMERICANS!

MEET THE EDITOR

by SCOTT FELDMAN



ONE bright April morning about a million years ago—or anyway, if he's like a million years ago—I remember, ed over to 60 Hudson Street, to begin work as assistant editorial director for the M.L.J. comic magazines.

I took the elevator up to the third floor, and started to enter the M.L.J. offices at Suite 313. At this point, a man came rolling out and almost knocked me over.

The man was clutching a manuscript in his hand, and he looked as though he had just tumbled off a roller-coaster and landed on his head.

Halfway into the long hall which precedes the outer office, I tangled with another man. This fellow had an artist's portfolio under his arm, and he looked like he'd fallen off the same roller-coaster.

I later learned that both these men had just emerged from a story conference with Harry Shorten, my new boss . . . and that they'd had their bad ideas tossed out so quickly and new ideas added so quickly that it went them away pretty much dazed.

Well, maybe I'm exaggerating a bit. Maybe a story conference with Harry Shorten doesn't produce such mind-whirling effects. But I do know that H.S. has the peculiar

knack of considering a story and getting right to the basic wrongs, if any. You can call him a hard editorial master, and you can call him a slave-driver, but his habit of working with artists and writers through every stage produces the best comic stories published. You know what I mean if you read his magazines.

I will add some personal details.

Harry Shorten's a young fellow, twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Height, 5'11, weight about 190, all muscle. I remember my first impression when meeting him "Here," I said to myself, "is a guy I'll never attempt to poke in the snoot." I wasn't surprised when I learned later that Short had started on the New York University football team (born All-Eastern, in fact) and had later played pro football in the American League.

Unlike many people in the writing business, who pounded typewriters while biting their teething rings, Harry Shorten, up till the time he entered college, had no idea that he was headed for a literary career. But he was on the football team at NYU, and this gave him an idea for a book called, "How to Watch a Football Game." He wrote the book, and the book was published. It had a spectacular sale . . . and this made him think more seriously about writing. He began to write sports stories for the pulp magazines in his spare time.

All this while, he was continuing his college work as a Geology major, and by the time he had graduated with honors, he'd sold so many sports stories that he'd lost count.

Well, he was out of college now, and while he was waiting for something good to develop

in the geology field, he continued to write more sports stories. Then someone asked him to write some stories for the comic magazines. He started on these, and was so successful, that before he knew it he'd been made editorial director up here at M.L.J. Shortly afterwards he was offered an excellent position in Washington as a geologist, and he refused it. . . .

At present, he manages PEP COMICS, ZIP COMICS, TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, HANOMAN COMICS, JACK POT COMICS, and SHIELD-WIZARD COMICS. Editing two magazines is a man-sized job; Short edits six, and handles his work capably. He accounts for his ability to get all his work done on deadline to Irving Newick, Bob Mortans, Paul Reisman, Carl Nubbell, "Red" Holmdale and all the other crack artists who work for him.

Short's a settled married man now, with a beautiful wife named Rose, and a three-month-old daughter named Melinda who is the sweetest, sweetest, cutest, loveliest, most wonderful and amazing baby girl on earth. (Honest, this description is strictly my own opinion. The fact that Short is holding a baseball bat over my head as I write has nothing to do with it.)

To sum up, it's a pleasure to work for the guy. Yeah, I—well a minute!

**SCOTT FELDMAN—
COME HERE!!!**

Ugh! I guess he's found out about that spelling error I missed when I proofread that Shield story. All right, I'm coming, I'm coming. Keep your shirt on.

SHHHH!!! There must be an easier way of earning a living!

Coming, boss. . .

THE HANGMAN

SABOTAGE!

THEY'VE ALREADY WON THE BATTLE
FIELD. THEY'VE WON
WHEN ONE SIDE RUNS
OUT OF MATERIAL.

THAT'S HOW THE NAZIS
INTEND TO WIN THE WAR.
THEY'RE TRYING TO DEPRIVE
OUR OIL SUPPLY
BY DESTROYING OUR OIL
RIGHT AT ITS SOURCE.

THAT'S WHAT
THEY'RE TRYING
TO DO. AS OUR
STORY OPENS,
THE HANGMAN
IS ON HIS WAY
TO AMERICAN
OIL FIELDS IN
MEXICO TO MAKE
SURE THEY
WON'T!

OUR STORY OPENS AT
SAVING THE MOST IMPORTANT
OIL TOWN IN MEXICO--

IN THE DARKNESS, A CREOULCHED
FIGURE WORKS FURTHER--

A FEW ATTITUDE--

FOR ONE, A
LIGHTED
BETTER
OVERTHROW!

THE MORE WHITE
AND THE PLACE WILL
GO UP IN SMOKE!

EST--GETS A
SABOTEUR!

ABOUT THE
RIGHT MY
FEELING!

WHACK

AND MAKES IT TRY A
LITTLE SABOTEUR
ON YOU?

SURELY--

MAKES YOU
DON'T
HOLD!

THE
HANGMAN!

AT YOUR
SERVICE!



HANGMAN!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THIS CUTE BOY
WAS ABOUT TO SET
THE OIL FIELDS
AFIRE, THELMA!



THESE ARE NOT THE FIRST
TIMES THESE LIKE THESE
HAVE HAPPENED SINCE—
BUT WE ALWAYS THOUGHT
THEM ACCIDENTS!

LATER AT THE OFFICE OF
ARQUEL LOPEZ, WARDEN
OF THE NEARBY PRISON—
AND HE HAD READ
ABOUT ALL THESE ACCIDENTS—
I DECIDED TO CHECK UP ON
THEM, IF YOU DON'T
MIND!

WE ARE
DELIGHTED
TO HAVE YOU
—SIR
HANGMAN!

WELL, BETTER VISIT
THE NAZI AND SEE IF
HE CAN FORCE SOME
INFORMATION OUT OF
HIM!

ALL THIS YOU
THESE HE
CELL & SENT
DOWN THE HILL!



YOU'RE A STUPID
BUT ARE YOU
READY TO TALK
AND SAVE YOUR
NECK? SHOW
THE HEAD OF
YOUR KING?

TALK?
SURELY YOU'RE
JOKING! I
HAVEN'T
ANYTHING
TO SAY!

OUTSIDE—

—AND HE WAS ABOUT
TO SET THE OIL
FIELDS ON FIRE!
THE WHOLE
TOWN WOULD
BURN TO THE
GROUND!

THE
DIRTY
PIS!

WHY WAST TIME, A JURY
WAS IN A DECISION! WHY
SHOULDN'T WE TAKE
JUSTICE INTO OUR OWN
HANDS?

YOU'RE
RIGHT
FEDDY!

LET'S
STING
THEM
UP!





AND IN THE CELL...

THE CROWD OUTSIDE--
THEY'RE GOING TO
STONE THE PRISON-
ER AND LYNCH
THE SABOTEUR!



THEN AN OMINOUS BEAM
CUTS THROUGH THE DIM-LIT
CELL, ACROSS THE HORRIFIED
FACE OF THE NAZI-- THE SIGN
OF THE GALLOWS...



THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU NAZI!
COMING TO HANG YOU SOON!
YOU'LL BE A CORPSE SWAYING
IN THE WIND-- HANGING
THERE UNTIL THE
BUZZARDS LICK YOUR
BONES CLEAN!



YOUR FURBERG CAN'T SAVE
YOU FROM THAT FATE-- BUT I
CAN-- IF YOU'LL TALK!

WILL YOU
TALK, I DON'T
WANT TO DIE
NO MORE BAY!



TO LYNCH GET
ME OUT OF HERE,
WARDEN-- TO SAVE
ME FROM THE
GALLOWS! DO YOU
HAVE ANY DE-
FECTIONS TO
DOING IT
MY WAY?

WON'T NONE AT
ALL! ANYTHING
YOU SAY!



MY DEPUTY AND
I WILL HOLD
THE CROWD
OFF AS
LONG AS POSSIBLE!
GOOD LUCK!

THANKS,
I'LL NEED
IT!



AT THAT MOMENT THE MOB BURSTS THROUGH
THE DOOR--

WHERE HE'S HE, LOSE? WHERE'S THE
DOGS? TELL US OR WE KILL YOU, TOO!



STAND BACK!
STAND BACK!
OR THERE'LL
BE BLOOD-
SHED!

WE'RE WISHING YOU
LOSE? HE DON'T
WANT TO HANG YOU,
BUT IF YOU DON'T
STEP ASIDE--



AND IN THE HANDMAID'S CLOTH ROOM
WHICH THE CELL WIDDOY STILL HANGS—



CAPTAIN SMITHKAT!













THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY OF
SHUTTING YOU UP FOR A
WHILE! I'VE PLenty OF
WORK AHEAD OF ME!



A
A
E
E
E
E



MEANWHILE ONE OF THE NAZIS PREPARED
TO HEAVE HIS TORCH BOMB AT THE CH
LINE.

DID I DO
FOR DES
TUGHER!



AND THIS
I DO FOR
P.D.C.



NOW YOU GUYS-- STAND
WHERE YOU ARE! THE
FIRST ONE TO MOVE
GETS A STOMACH
FULL OF LEAD!



DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!
CHARGE! YOU ARE WE
GOING TO LET ONE MAN
END OUR PROJECTS!



THE NAZI STRAIN FORWARDED AND...
SOREN, BOYS--
BUT YOU'RE FORGIVE
ME TO DO THIS!

AND JUST THEN, MORE MEN IN BLACK
STOOD THROUGH THE WIND-
MILL.

SWASTIKA! LOOK, HEROIC
SERGE HANSMAN HAS
ALREADY SUBQUED
THE NAZIS!

RUINO, HANSMAN!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF
THESE DOGS
NOW!

BUT...

SWASTIKA!
HE'S MAKING A
BREAK FOR IT!

CUTS A HABIT OF YOURS,
RUNNING OUT ON THE
BOYS WHEN THE GOING
GETS ROUGH, EH
SWASTIKA!

I'LL FIX YOU FOR
RUNNING AWAY!
WHAM

YOU'LL NEVER
BOOTHER
ME AGAIN!

DON'T COUNT
ON THAT
PAL!

MEANWHILE CAPTAIN WAS KNOCKED OUT--

THERE'S THAT KNIGHT HANDSMAN
AGAIN! I'LL CHOP HIM DOWN
THIS TIME - BUT GOOD!

BUT AS HE TOSSER THE WEAPON,
CAPTAIN SWASTIKA STUMBLES
TO HIS FEET--

VAAAAAH

THEN BEFORE KICK-APICK
CAN ESCAPE, A MEXICAN
SOLDIER SIGHS HIM
TAKES AIM--

I THINK THAT TAKES
CARE OF THEM

YES! AND THIS TIME
SWASTIKA IS DEAD-
PERMANENTLY!

I'M GENERAL CARLOS DERRA
HEAD OF THE DIVISION! IF
YOU HADN'T KILLED THOSE NAZIS
AT BAY OUR CAUSE WOULD
HAVE SUFFERED A FATAL BLOW
HEHEHEH!

BOB DICKENSEN? I'M STILL
ANGRY AT YOU! I CAME OUT
HERE FOR A STORY ON
LATIN AMERICAN RE-
LATIONSHIP IN THIS WAR
AND YOU CAME ALONG ON
THE EXCUSE YOU
WANTED A VACATION!

WHY DIDN'T
YOU TELLING
ABOUT YOUR
SABOTAGE
SUSPICIONS!
WHY WERE
NOT LISTEN-
ING TO ME AT
ALL, BOB
DICKENSEN!

I'M JUST
CATCHING
SOME OF
THAT VACATION
I TOLD YOU
ABOUT THE
ZZZZZZ!

SWASTIKA KNEW THAT
GO GENERAL THAT'S WHY
HE TOOK SUCH A
DESPERATE CHANCE.

END

MURDER MAKES A PHONE CALL

A HANGMAN STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

BOB DICKERING had seen Sidney Benton looking like this before. He'd seen him this way during the thirty-odd times he'd attended a performance of *Roméo and Juliet*, with Sidney Benton doing the *Roméo*. Benton looked just as he had looked during each of *Roméo's* death scenes.

But this wasn't acting.

Benton lay on the deep-red couch in his living room, the ornate French telephone he had been using still clutched in his deadened, lifeless fingers.

Over his body hovered Mac Messner, looking like a worried, bespectacled scarecrow. Messner was the worst dressed, and the richest, actor's agent in Hollywood. Messner measured, over and over, "My star client!"

The coroner diagnosed the death as having come from electrical burns, and Mac Messner and Bob Dickering were asked down to Police Headquarters.

It was murder, no doubt about that. Someone had rigged up Benton's phone so that when he lifted the instrument he'd received a fatal electrical shock.

Mac Messner testified that Benton had just come in from New York to make a picture for one of the Hollywood studios; that he, Messner, had personally ordered the telephone installed; that the telephone had been installed just that afternoon; and that, although the number was an unlisted one and could not be gotten through the Information operator, a dozen people had been in Benton's apartment that night and could have set up the death trap and noted the phone number. Dickering had been walking toward Benton's door and heard the phone ring and stop ringing as it was picked up . . . followed a split second later by Benton's strangled scream. Shortly afterwards, Messner had appeared.

All this Messner testified. And Bob Dickering, who had been Sidney Benton's childhood friend,

said nothing. He just waited. . .

He waited until Messner and he were released. He told Messner that he was tired and wanted to get some sleep. And as soon as Messner entered a cab, he stepped into a darkened alley . . . and emerged as The Hangman!

It was simple, really simple. He entered Benton's room through a side window, made some quick and satisfactory examinations, and left as efficiently as he had come. He made some further investigations . . . and then he went to Mac Messner's home. . .

Messner was alone. He sat in a comfortable Morris chair, a study pipe clamped between his thick lips. His eyes were closed.

He opened them when The Hangman called his name.

Then he saw the shadow of the cooze on the wall and recoiled.

"You're guilty, Messner," The Hangman said.

Messner wet his lips. "I don't get you," he said heavily.

"You were the only one who could have killed him . . . because, as the one who ordered the phone installed, you alone knew the phone number!"

Messner began to sputter.

"Wait a minute," The Hangman said. "I want to tear apart a few possibilities given before you suggest them. Since the Information operator won't give out unlisted numbers, the only avenue of the telephone company (from which the number could have been gotten) was the business office . . . and that was closed for the night by the time Benton's phone was installed! Pretty illogical, isn't it, that a killer would first set a death trap and then break into a communications building to get the phone number which was needed to spring the death trap?"

"But . . ." Messner began.

"More possibilities," cut in The Hangman. "Benton himself couldn't have given out the phone number to his visitors at his welcome party earlier tonight—be-

cause he didn't know it! I've just questioned Bob Dickering, and he tells me he asked Benton for his phone number and Benton replied that he himself didn't know it."

Messner's voice finally broke through "That's a lie!" he said. "Why didn't Benton look right on the phone to give his number to Dickering? Why, for that matter, couldn't any one of a dozen people find out the number by looking at the card on the phone stand which lists the number?"

The Hangman smiled grimly. "That's where you made your mistake," he said. "You're a business man and you get many calls each week from unexpected sources . . . and so you can't use an unlisted phone, and you've probably never had one. Listen, friend: An unlisted phone has no number on the base."

"All right," Messner said softly. "You've talked it right. My agency business hasn't been doing as well as people think—and I've been collecting a lot of big money from young kids with the promise that I'd get them into pictures. If this got out to the studios, I'd be through—but I've managed to keep the kids quiet . . . until Benton stumbled into my office just when I was collecting a couple of grand from a kid. He was going to tell the studios about me in the morning . . . so I stopped him. I should've waited until he made a call himself instead of phoning him tonight. I see that now—but I didn't want to take the chance that he wouldn't make any calls till morning."

Messner ended his speech with a nervous laugh, and then he jumped . . . right into The Hangman's fist. The Hangman bit him once, hard, and he went down.

The jury declared Messner guilty of first degree murder.

That was the end of Mac Messner's career as an actor's agent. It was also, of course, the end of Mac Messner.

COMMANDO

AND THE BOY SOLDIERS



YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE COMMANDOS... THOSE SUPER-SOLDIERS WHO WORK IN THE DARK AND DEAL CONSTANT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE NAZI FORCES.
NOW FOR THE READERS WHO WANTED FOLLOWED THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN
COMMANDO & THE BOY SOLDIERS IN THE PAST, WE INTRODUCE ON THE PAGE---
1 CAPTAIN COMMANDO - AMERICAN-BORN LEADER EXTRAORDINARY OF THE BRITISH COMMANDOS
2 BILLY GRAYSON - AMERICAN
3 GERALD FYNES - ENGLISH
4 ARMAND DE LATOUCHE - FRENCH
5 BEN JENSEN - NORWEGIAN
NOW TURN THE PAGE AND READ THE FIGHTING FREE MOST STARTLING ADVENTURE---

OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY—A GREAT CONVOY HEADING FOR MUMBAH. BATTLE CRATER—



HE DEADLY ACCURATE NAZI SHORE BATTERIES SPEAK THEIR SONG OF DEATH—SHIP AFTER SHIP REELS, SINKS—THEN PLUNGES BENEATH THE OLY WAVES!



THE RETAIL SHIPWRECKERS DESPERATELY SCATTER—EYES FOR SAFETY—THE GREAT CONVOY SURVIVES A CLASH NO DEFEAT!



ON THE BRIDGE, CAPTAIN COMMANDER! AN SENDING FOR THE GO-BOOMBOOMER! BOB! BOB! COME IN, PLEASE! IN DISTRESS! BOB! LATITUDE...

NO LONGER! SAVE YOURSELF! GIVE YOURSELF!



FRONT AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS ENGLAND—

HE STOPPED SENDING ME! BOOM! BOOM! JUST AS HE WAS GIVING ME HIS POSITION! HE AHEAD OF THAT—

THAT THEY'RE SOME DOWN—YES—I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT—



THEN INTO THE ROOM, BURSTS A BRAWN, HE WEARING POLICE CAPTAIN COMMANDER!

AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR?

CAPTAIN! WORK!



ANOTHER CONVOY HAS JUST BEEN DETECTED! CAPTAIN COMMANDER—THOSE SHIPS WERE BOUND FOR THE RUSSIAN PORT OF MUMBAH WITH PRECIOUS SUPPLIES! THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS HAS HAPPENED—AND IT CAN'T GO ON ANY LONGER!

YOUR MISSION—TO DESTROY THE NAZI COASTAL BATTERIES CONTROLLING THE NORTHERN SEA LANE! PLAN OF OPERATION AND SIZE OF TASK RESTS ENTIRELY UP TO YOU! HAPPY LANDINGS, AND MAY GOD PROTECT YOU!



VERY GOOD, SIR! WE LEAVE AT ONCE! THANK YOU!

WHILE AT THAT MOMENT THAT A LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE ON THE NORWEGIAN COAST—
JUST A DOZEN NAZI SENTINELS—
BOY SILENTLY STEALS!



HE IS BOB JENSEN, BOY SOLDIER! DOWN THE MAIN STREET, SOUNDLESSLY, CAREFUL OF EVERY STEP, HE GOES, TOWARDS—



SO FAST I CAN LUCKY!
OH HOW I WISH THE
BOYS WERE HERE
WITH ME!

AT THE HOME OF HIS PARENTS!



BOY! YOU COULD IT BE—
SO LATE AT NIGHT?

OPEN! OPEN QUICK!—I HAVE
A STRANGE FEELING—



MY BOY!
SAFE—?

BRISK! MY SON!
OH, THE LORD BE
FEARED!

MOTHER! FATHER! I
HAD TO COME
SEE YOU! I
WAS SO—



HOW IS EVERYTHING
IN ENGLAND? ARE
THEY GOING TO OPEN
A SECOND FRONT
SOON, SON?

I DON'T
KNOW, FATHER!
AND IF I DO
I COULD
NOT TELL!

YOU MUST
BE STARVED
AFTER THAT
LONG TRIP,
SON!



SUDDENLY—THE SLEEPY QUIET OUTSIDE
IS BROKEN BY ANGER SHOUTS!

FORWARD—
MARCH!

DO YOU
HEAR—WHAT
IS IT?

SEN—THE
GERMANS! THEY
HAVE DISCO-
VERED YOU
ARE HERE!



LOOK, FATHER! IT'S
NOT ME THEY'RE AFTER!
WHY WERE ARE THEY
WARDING THOSE
MEN?

HOSTAGES—FOR THE
FIRM SOUND SEN!
THOSE BEASTS WILL NOT
BE SAVED TIL THEY
WIPED OUT OUR ENTIRE
TOWN!

THE HOSTAGES MAKE
A SUDDEN BREAK-BUT?



UGH!

SUBOBYN THE WATCHERS ARE STARTLED BY A DARK HE WHISTLE!

SON—OH!
ERIK JENSEN
IT IS ERK!

ERK! HE HAS
COME BACK FROM
ENGLAND!

ERK
MEET US
AT THE
CAVE—
TONIGHT!

HE IS A
COMMANDO
YOU KNOW!

WE WILL KNOW
WHAT TO DO
ABOUT GETTING
OUR PEOPLE
FREE!

LET'S GO
TO THE CAVE
AND WAIT
FOR HIM!



LATER THAT NIGHT—
ERIK JENSEN, COMMANDO—
TRAINED IN THE ARTS OF
STEALTH, DRAWS TO THE
WOODS—

ERIK ON HEARING THE OCEAN
FLOODS—THEN WHISTLES!

FEI—FEI!
DE—DE!

ERK!
COME DOWN!
WE ARE
WAITING!

AND WHEN ERIK
SLIPS INTO THE
CAVE—

WE HAVE
ALREADY ELECTED YOU
OUR LEADER, ERIK!

WHAT
IS THIS—?

WE MUST FREE
OUR PEOPLE ON
THE NAZI SANDS!
MY FATHER IS
WILL KILL EVERY
ONE OF THE
NAZI
HOSTAGES

SON—WHAT
SHALL WE DO?
MY FATHER IS
WILL KILL EVERY
ONE OF THE
NAZI
HOSTAGES

LET
US
TRY!

MEANWHILE— OUT ACROSS THE CHOPPY NORTH
SEA ABOARD A SLEEN DESTROYER LAST NIGHT, THE
PLANE ARE GONE OVER!

CHECK YOUR WEAPONS! NO SLIP-UPS! WE'RE
STILL IN THE DARK ON THIS, YOU

KNOW—OUR SECRET
AGENTS WOULD TO GET
IN TOUCH WITH US!
SPREAD OUT AND GO TO
THE COASTAL BATTERIES—

A MINUTE LATER— OVER THE HILL AND INTO
THE ARMORED HARBOR BARRERS GO THE TOUGH
857 FIGHTERS OF ALL TIME—THE COMMANDOS!



AS THE MOTOR BOATS DRIVE THE BARGES TO THE DARK NIGHT WEATHER-LIKE, OUT OF THE EVENING MIST, A SMALL FISHING BOAT MYSTERICALLY APPEARS...

...TO THE COMMANDER HORROR... FOR THIS IS A SECRET BAY! THEY MUST NOT BE DETECTED!

WHILE IN THE STRAIGHT FORWARD...

PLAY SOME MARY OF GERM, COME HERE, SEE IF IT IS OK, THEN WE ARE...



CLOSER AND CLOSER THE BARGES... THE "FISHING BOAT" IS SURROUNDED...



SEEK GIVES CAPTAIN COMMANDER THE NEEDED INFORMATION CONCERNING THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE NAZI SHOPS, BARRACKS, AND—

THE BARGES IN A DANGER...



Suddenly the enemy "GIVE UP!" I BEHEEN BY THE SHIP STAGGLED BARK, OR DOBENS OF GUNS... SEND IN THE DISTANCE FROM ALL DIRECTION...

THE DRAWING CORNER STONE LOUDER... THE NAZI MALL IN CONFESSION... THE TENSE...



FOR THE IS THE COMING OF THE COMMANDER!
COMING WITH HATS IN THEIR HEARTS AND A SMILE ON
THEIR BLACKENED LIPS, COMING OUT OF THE NIGHT
WITH THE STEALTH OF A THOUSAND NOBLES AND
THE FEROCITY OF FREEMEN WHO LAUGH AT DEATH!

MINNIE!
SEE
COMMANDER
JACK!

HOLD ON
BACK FROM OUR
GUN!
TELEPHONE
FOR REINFOR-
CEMENTS!

FOR
NORWAY!

FOR
FREEDOM!
COME ON!

FOR
ENGLAND!

FOR
LIBERTY!

FOR
KING
HAROLD!

NO
YOU
DON'T!

HELLO!
HELLO!
GENERAL
HEADQUARTERS
SEND-URGENT!

TRY TO CALL YOUR
NAME IN OLD SHIT

HEARABLE ON ANOTHER REMOTE OF THE

WE'VE GOTTA
KNOCK OUT THAT
MACHINE GUN
NEST! LOOK!

THOSE DEVILS!
THEY'RE HOLDING
UP OUR WHOLE
ADVANCE! NOW!

IF THOSE NERDS SEE
THOSE HIDE, I'LL BE
GUTTEN FOR THEM! I'VE
GOT TO KEEP THEIR
ATTENTION DE-TRACTED!

OHNO, FELLAS WE'LL
JUMP THOSE
MACHINE GUNNERS!

GET 'EM, GAT!
NICE, TEAM-WORK
LADS!

OF THE BOYS
MAKE
HARDLY
TO
HARD
THE NAZI
MACHINE GUN
NEST A FOR
LIFE LIVES
ACROSS THE
CLEARING
DOWN IN
THE DEPTH
ON OF SPUR
THE ONLY
ONCE AGAIN
ACROSS THE
CLEARING
TOWARD HIS
OWN LINES

I'VE GOT TO CALL
THE BOYS FOR A
CHARGE! IT'S
NOW OR NEVER!

WHEN THOSE BALL
ALMOST HAD MY
NAME ON THEM...
OUT OF YOUR
FOX HOLES
UP AND AT 'EM!

GIVE
IT TO 'EM
MEN!

SHAMEAD
VS SURRENDER!



WHAT'S
WRONG?

CAPTAIN
THE PEOPLE HAVE RE-
CAPTURED THEIR
TOWN--AND BLOWN
UP THE NAZI
ANNIHILATION
STRONGHOLD



WELL, WE'VE
ACCOMPLISHED A GREAT
DEED MORE THAN WE
INTENDED--THANKS
TO THESE LIBERTY-
LOVING PEOPLE

OUR
CONTOURS WILL
GET THROUGH
NOW!



AND THE FOLK WOULD NOT
LISTEN TO CAPTAIN COMMANDO

HE HEARD FOR THE
LEADER OF THE
COMMANDO



AND THEN EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD
IN THE TOWN RUSTLE ON BAKING HANDS
WITH THE MAN WHO SAVED THEIR LIVES--



FINALLY
CAPTAIN
COMMANDO
GIVES
THE DECISION
WHICH
COMPLETES
THE
SACRIFICE

BLOW THOSE
GUNS UP! WE'RE
NOT GOING TO
GIVE THE
GERMANS A
CHANCE TO
USE 'EM AGAIN!



AND ALL THEN RUSH INTO THE STRONGHOLD--



GOODBYE! THANKS
FOR ALL YOU'VE
DONE!

OHAY, MEN!
LET'S SHOVE
OFF!

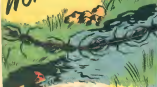


YES -- I SURE
WISH WE WERE GOING
BACK WITH THEM

NEVER DO, CAPTAIN
WE'VE GOT TO STAY
TO THE NAZI RIGHT
WHERE OUR UNDERGROUND
IS BECOMING
STRONGER EACH
DAY!

END

WORLD WONDERS



T

HE ANOMMA ANTS IN AFRICA LINK THEMSELVES TOGETHER INTO A LIVING BRIDGE SO THE OTHER ANTS CAN CROSS THE STREAM.



PARIS FIREMEN TRAIN DOGS TO DIVE INTO THE SEINE RIVER AND RESCUE PEOPLE WHO HAVE FALLEN OR HAVE JUMPED IN.



CERTAIN SPECIES OF THE KANGAROO DESERTS **NEVER** DRINK FROM STREAMS. THEY ARE SO THIRSTY THEY DIE. THEY FEED MAINLY ON DRY SEEDS.



THE GIANT REDWOOD TREE, NATIVE OF SOUTHERN OREGON AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, GROWS AS HIGH AS 350 FEET AND HAS BARK AS THICK AS 12 INCHES. ITS LIFE IS SOMETIMES 3000 YEARS.

DANNY

BY
RED
HALLIDAY

IN WONDERLAND

HE YA, DANNY!
WON'T YA JOIN ME?
I'M JUST HAVING A
LITTLE SNACK
BEFORE I GO TO
BED.

BUT KUPPIE,
PICKLES AND
MILK THEY'LL
MAKE YA
SICK.

GOSH, KUPPIE,
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

OWN! MY
STUMMICK!

OWN!
MY
STUMMICK!
YEAH, I'M
GONNA GET THE
CASTOR OIL!

CASTOR
OIL!

I'M GETTING
OUTTA
HERE!





I WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE THE FAMOUS EAST INDIAN BASKET TRICK.



AFTER PLACING THE LID ON THE BASKET...I PROCEEDED TO VENTILATE IT WITH A NUMBER OF SWORDS.



APPARENTLY THE BOY IN THE BASKET HAS DISAPPEARED...SH?



GOOOO... WHY CAN'T I LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT...?



AND NOW TO CONCLUDE THE MISADE, I REMOVE THE SWORDS AND THE LID AND...



HERE HE IS STILL IN ONE PIECE.



WELL, DO YA BELIEVE ME NOW?



WELL, I SURE 'LL KNOCK ONE FOR TODAY... GOTTA PACK MY STUFF AND GET HOME.



SEE, I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE A MAGICIAN 'KIN I HELP YOU, HUH?

YOU A MAGICIAN? HAW, DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, HUH? I'LL TAKE YOU EASY WITH THOSE STRAPS.



OKAY, OKAY, BUT SEE HAZ I SURE WOULD TEACH ME SOME 'SPOOKY TRICKS'.



I AIN'T AS DUMB AS I LOOK... HO-HO, I COULD BE A BIG HILD.



NO, I TELL YA, I ABSOLUTE- LY, HO.









SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL



TOMORROW MORNING I'LL GO AROUND SAYING HE'S IN OUT, BUT SUCH A STROKE & THE MAJOR HADN'T DECIDED WE GIVE US PERMITS TO GO TO AFRICA TO HAVE GOTTEN BOY! GOT YOURS THERE!



NEED FEELING FULL! NOW ABOUT SEATS IN THE BOAT-BARRIS! CHASE?



BUT THE NERVE OF THAT GUY, SAYING I HEARD ALL THOSE LETTERS IN THAT NAD BOND CONTESTS—

HE PLAYED UNCLE JIMMIE JIMMIE JUST DANCE MORE DEER!



WELL, LET'S FORGET IT! WE'LL BE ON THE AFRICAN FRONT SOON AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF ACTION!

THERE'LL BE A COMBAT PLANE WAITIN' FOR US IN SWITZERLAND TO RLY DOWN TO BARRY! HOT COR!



LOOK TWEET! HERE'S THE BLOOD PLASMA THEY GAVE US TO DELIVER!







REALLY? NOTHING IS GOING ON, THOUGH.



OH CORRECTION!
"OO HOO! YOU
BAD BOY!"



OH! I'VE BEEN SCREAMING
FOR YOU, AN
AFTERMATH
DIDN'T SHE
"LAD WITH SOME
BODY BLAST?"



WHY SCREAM!
WHY? HOPE I CAN
MAKE IT TO THE
STAGE!



WHAT'S THE
MATTER, COOP?
YOU LOOK
PALE!



IS THAT THE HORSE
DOESN'T LEAVE ME
ALONE! I'LL LOOK
HONEST!



DON'T LET IT GET
YOU DOWN, COOP!
SOME HOT TUBS ON
MY MOUTH OESN'T
OVERS YOU UP!



HURRY IT
UP THERE,
AN YIELD
GO BLAT!



GOOD! BOY!
HOW PEACEFUL
WITH NO DOG
LIPS AND
SLAPS!



GUCK! THERE'S
IN THE ROOM
ABOVE US!



ARE YOU? MAN—
TWO MILITARY GENTLE-
MENS I BELIEVE—
LET'S SEE



COLLAPSE!
I THOUGHT BOY



YES! YES! VERY HOT! AN FANTASY
GLAM MAN! ONE OF I KNOW HIM
OUR OTHER GUESTS! DALESON! IN
JUST SENT HIM A SCOTCH ABOARD!
YOU LIKE TO MEET HIM?



OH! SCARLET?
SHE APPROXIMATELY
IS GOING TO START
WRITING LOVE LETTERS
THE ONLY THING TO
DO IS MOVE
OUT!



OH SCARLET?
SHE APPROXIMATELY
IS GOING TO START
WRITING LOVE LETTERS
THE ONLY THING TO
DO IS MOVE
OUT!



OH! SCARLET?
SHE APPROXIMATELY
IS GOING TO START
WRITING LOVE LETTERS
THE ONLY THING TO
DO IS MOVE
OUT!









"ORAY! LET'S
GO! ONE--
TWO--
THREE!"



BOOM! BOOM!
FIRE IS
CRACKING!
WHATCHA
HAPPEN?
ATEA TUB
BLOODY!

"WE'VE GOT TO GET
TO THE AIRPORT BE-
FORE THEY FIGURE
IT OUT! RUN!"



"HERE COMES A
GUARDY! I THOUGHT
EVERYBODY WAS
DOWN AT THE
DOCK!"

"BARRY! HAYES
WE CAN
BLURP
NOW!"

"STORM!
WINTER
LOVE!"



"I HEARD WAAA
BIG NOISE!
HAYES
HAYES?"

"WELL,
BARRY!"



"OH BARRY!
ONE OF
OUR
PLANES!"

"THAT ANGLISHMAN
PLANET HAS A
DEEP A BOMB ON
OUR NEW BOMB!
I'LL SHOOTA
HEEN DOWN!"

"CARAMEL
GO AHEAD!"



"SHE HEEN
ONE FOR
ME!"



"P? ZABBLE ZABBLE!
THAT WAS A
ENGLISH
UNICORN?"



"LOOKY A TORY
PLANET! SANK!
WHAT IS HE
DOING?"



"V, BUT
WELL, THAT'S
PRETTY GOOD
BROODING
AFON!"



"AFTER CONTINUING ACROSS THE MEDITER-
RANEAN TOOTHSEA, THE TWO PLANES
WENT LACK A BOMB."
"THAT GUY HELPED
US OUT OF A TONGUE
SPOT!"

"I'LL GO OVER
AND SAY THANKS!"

"SO IT'S YOU? WHAT'S
THE BIG IDEA OF
FOLLOWING
US?"

"FOLLOWING YOU?
WHY YOU GOTTA
DELIGHTY COME
DOWN OUTTA
THERE AN' ALL
SLAP YOUR
BARS BACK!"



"THANKS! FOR ALL THE
SMALL LETTERS YOU
SENT ME? IT WAS PRETTY
TOUGH PICKING THE
BEST ONES, BUT WE
FINALLY DECIDED THE
PICTURES OF TWENTY AND
THIRTY."

"UPPER HALF OF ATTITUDE!
B. JAMES
HALLFENCE OF
MELBOURNE,
FLORIDA."

Archie



YOU CAN LAUGH IF YA WANT TO-BUT JUST WAIT LL. WIN THIS LAUREYK CONTEST I'M MAILING MY ENTRY NOW



HUH-HUH-THAT SUI ARCHIE SURE HAS SOME SHERMY IDEAS HANNE! VE GOT AN IDEA ON HOW I CAN PLAY A SWEEL SAG ON HIM I'LL JUST GO DOWN TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE!



ARCHIE, THE DOORBELL'S RINGING!

I'LL GET IT, MOM!



TELEGRAM FOR ARCHIE ANDREWS SIGN HERE?

JUST A MINUTE I'LL CALL HE-SAY! THAT'S ME! O-QUICK, THAT MAY



YIPPER - I WON! I WON! ZOMIE! I'M RICH! A HUNDRED DUCKS!



NOY! WAIT! LL I TELL THE GANG! I'LL GET THEM! LL BE SURPRISED! JUST THINK UP-ALL THE THINGS I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY-I'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO RETIRE AND GET SOME HD TO ATTEND MY CLASSES FOR ME! SEE! CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT-A HUNDRED DUCKS!



O.K. FELLERS-STEP UP TO THE FOUNTAIN-THE TREATS ON ME!



HEY, ARCHIE! WHAT HE YA GOIN TO USE FOR MONEYS? YOU KNOW HOW YOUR CREDIT STANDS!



JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS TELEGRAM ICKY!

WELL? DO YOU WANT ME TO BRING MY BUSINESS TO SOME OTHER ICE CREAM EMPORIUM?



WOW! A HUNDRED BERRIES! THE HOUSE IS YOURS, ARCHIE!

YOU SURE ARE A SPORT, ARCHIE!
 BOY, HE PELL FOR THE SAGS HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!



AW, FORGET IT, AN' HAVE ANOTHER ROUND, BOYS!
 I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT I JUST CAN'T!
 ME, TOO!
 I'LL SEE YA LATER, FELLOWS. I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, JUGHEAD? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A RACCOON COAT—AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE MONEY...



YI, HIT FITS LIKE A GLOVE, SEE—HIT'S NICE AND SNUG, NOY?



HEY, ARCHIE, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOTTA TELL YA!
 SHH—TELL ME LATER, JUGHEAD—HOW DO YA LIKE THIS COAT—PRETTY SNAZZY'S, ENH? O K, UNCLE, I'LL TAKE IT!



DON'T WORRY, LINK! JUST CHARGE IT—HERE, THIS TELEGRAM WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
 HMM... I CUN'T LIKE ORCHID, BUT IN THIS CASE I SUPPOSE H'YEB HOKAY!



I'VE GOTTA TELL YA SOMETHING!
 NOT NOW, JUGHEAD. I'VE GOTTA BE OFF AND SEE IF I CAN FIND BETTY AN' TELL HER THE BIG NEWS!



RE, BETTY! WAIT UP! BOY, HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU!
 HUH—OH, HELLO, ARCHIE!



OH, ARCHIE! I THINK IT'S SWEETLY GRAND, YOU WINNING THE LIMERICK CONTEST! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU'D BE A SUCCESS!
 SO DID I, BUT I WISHT SURE JUST WHEN!









AND AS IF ARCHIE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE!

HOW ABOUT PAYING FOR THAT HORSE, YA BOUGHT?

NEVER MIND THE HORSE - JUST SETTLE FOR THAT RACCOON COAT!

SEE - YOU'VE GOT COMPANY, ARCHIE!



WE WANT OUR MONEY!

I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!

JEEL, HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!

MUST BE SOME KIND OF A CONVENTION GOING ON HERE - HEY! SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR ARCHIE ANDREWS!

THAT'S ME!



TIFREE! I WON! I'VE REALLY WON THE CONTEST!

HURRY, LET'S SEE THE CHECK!



THERE'S NO CHECK HERE, THE PRIZE IS A HUNDRED DOLLAR WAR BOND!



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, I'M TAKING MY COAT BACK!

ME, TOO! WHAT'LL I GET MY HORSE!



HEY, HOW ABOUT ME, HOW'N I GONNA GET MY SODAS BACK?

WHAT'RE YA LOOKING AT ME FOR? SEE ARCHIE!



NOW THAT YOUR DENTS ARE SETTLED WITH THOSE OTHER GUYS - YOU CAN COME WITH ME AND SQUARE OFF THAT SODA BILL!

B-BUT, I DON'T SEE HOW, DO YOU?



HOW CAN YA DRINK THAT STUFF, JUGHEAD? WHEN I GET FINISHED WORKING MY BILL OFF - I HOPE I NEVER SEE ICE CREAM AGAIN!



HEY, GALS! HAVE YA HEARD OF THE SPECIAL TREAT WE'RE GONNA HAVE FOR YOU SOON? IT'S A BRAND NEW COMIC MAGAZINE, AND IT'S NAMED AFTER ME! SO WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR NEWS DEALERS! THANKS, PALS!

BENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND YARD

A
BODY!

GOOD
HEAVENS!
IT'S
LORD
GANNETT!

THERE WERE FOUR THINGS—A
DEATH BY LIGHTNING, A STEAM
SHOVEL, AN UNSUPPORTED FLIGHT
PLAN, AND A PIECE OF WIRE—
FOUR THINGS WHICH DON'T ADD
UP.

BUT BENTLEY ADDED THEM UP
—AND BY CAREFUL CONSIDERATION
OF THESE FOUR THINGS
MANAGED TO FIND THE SOLUTION
TO THE MOST INTERESTING
CASE OF HIS CAREER.

THE CLUES ARE RIGHT BEFORE
YOU. TEST YOUR ABILITIES AS
A DETECTIVE.

ARE YOU AS GOOD AS
BENTLEY?

FLASH! EARLY THIS MORNING LORD GARNETT WAS FOUND DEAD NEAR HIS HOME STREET BY A POLICEMAN. LORD GARNETT HAD APPARENTLY PARACHUTED FROM A PLANE.



WHEN THE NEWS PAPERS REVEALED THE STORY ALL ENGLAND WAS SHOCKED.

LORD GARNETT WAS A RICH MAN.



AND IN HIS DEGREE BENTLEY SOME THE NAME REMEMBERED...



THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS! HE GOT THE LIST OF ALL FLIGHT PLANS IN LONDON-- AND NO PLANE WAS SCHEDULED TO BE OVER GREENWICH!

BUT THEN HOW COULD HE HAVE PARACHUTED ONTO THE STEAM SHOVEL? I THINK I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!



THE LOOKS LIKE THE STEAM SHOVEL. NOW!

SUDDENLY WITH THE SHUTTERS OF LONDON STORES LIGHTING STREAMS THE SKY...

WHY THE WEATHERS ACTING UP!

WELL, I CAN'T BE WORRIED ABOUT THAT! LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIND ANYTHING INTERESTING ON THE STEAM SHOVEL!





GALLOP! AHEAD!
I WONDER WHAT
IT'S DOING UP HERE!
LET'S HEED ON!

THUNDER
SWIFTLY SEND
JIM LEAFS FROM
THE COVE!



WHEN
IF I HADN'T JUMPED IN THE
THAT LIGHTNING WOULD HAVE
KILLED ME!— HEY HOLD ON A
MINUTE! I COULD HAVE SWORN
I SAW A LIGHT BUNNY FROM
THAT HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD
JUST AS THE LIGHTNING STRUCK!
RUNNY MAKES NO SENSE
GO OVER THERE....

Wait— BY JOVE!
THIS IS LORD
GARNETT'S
HOUSE!

THE BENTLEY
OF SCOTLAND
WAS!



IN INVESTIGATING THE DEATH
OF LORD GARNETT? WILL YOU
ASK ALL THE MEMBERS OF
HOUSEHOLD TO ASSEMBLE?

AT ONCE,
SIR!

I SAY, AND
BUT
JENNINGS?

IT'S INSPECTOR BEND
LEY OF SCOTLAND
WAS DR. EDWARDS—
HE'S ASKED ME TO
ASSEMBLE THE
MURDERERS!



DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION
TO HIM, SUSPECTOR! HE'S
HAD THESE TANTRUMS
BEFORE!

I'M AFRAID
I MUST
DOCTOR!

WE GOT TO GO UPSTAIRS
AND ASK HIM A FEW
QUESTIONS!

AND WHILE WE'RE UPSTAIRS
I THINK I'LL LOOK
AROUND FOR THAT
BLINDING LIGHT
I SAW!

THERE'S
THE WINDOW FACING
THE STEAM SHED!
THE LIGHT
PROBABLY
CAME FROM
THERE!

AND THE
DOOR IS RIGHT
IN BACK OF
THE WINDOW!

IT BETTER
HAVE A LOOK AT
WHAT'S IN THIS
ROOM!

JUST
AS I
THOUGHT!

WHAT DOES BENTLEY SEE IN
THE ROOM? DO YOU KNOW?

WAS LORD GANNETT MURDERED?
AND IF SO..... WHO IS THE
KILLER? IS IT DOCTOR EDWARDS?
JENNINGS THE
BUTLER?
THE DUCHESSE OF
BEDFORD?
OR THE DUKE OF
BEDFORD?
READ ON AND SEE.....



★ END

33 POWER TELESCOPE LENS KIT



Blackflies come from various regions, and each of the three releases is almost a foot high, and when passed, goes a foot wider.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

This interesting work contains three striking sections bound together. It is packed with a chosen phrase which simplify its contents. Tons of drawings and dozens of beautiful and beautiful of colorful pictures. For one of its kind, an illustration, however, Florida State was designed through pictures illustrating and color photographs up to 300 square inches in size. These beautiful and beautiful of Florida



There are a copy of "Wonders of Science" Mag. sent. These describe various natural happenings. Also 1,000 Microscopic slides include one very fine image. Microscope lens is with this order. I will pay postage of \$2 plus postage on return. If I can be assured I may return them within five days by first class.

Additional Information:
 [1] Please leave 20% cash parking fee. We
 provide excellent service (please encourage)

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Model 1.1: Microscopic Machine model
This model is used to study the effects of the
microscopic machine model on the system.

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